

Prunes Are Rich in Calories, but Boys Don't Care—They Prefer Ice Cream for Dessert

By ROBERT HILDRETH

TOMMY and Sammy were playing together in Tommy's house when lunch time arrived. So Tommy's mother invited Sammy to stay for lunch. Sammy demurred, saying:

"I told ma I'd be home." "But," said Tommy's mother, "suppose I telephone over? I'm sure she'd give her permission if I asked her."

Sammy was thus driven to the wall. "I asked your ma," he replied, "what you're going to have for dessert, and she said prunes, and we're going to have ice cream."

Only prunes! That settled it. Prunes are humble articles of diet, but there are those who love them. A big healthy growing boy cannot always see it that way. Sometimes he prefers ice cream. Ice cream isn't to be sneered at, either. I remember reading a column editorial a few years ago in which ice cream especially was highly lauded as a dessert on dietary and hygienic grounds. It has its scientific advocates, and so have prunes, for that matter; but prunes, you know, are prunes. Ice cream, on the other hand, is ice cream. Leave it to a big, healthy, growing boy to put the difference on a pragmatic basis. He is the great discoverer of what is what. Leave it to the boy.

We Live by Survival

Somebody objects, perhaps, that the boy's judgment is not infallible. Whose is? Roosevelt's? Wilson's? Even brokers and editors (and typesetters) make mistakes. The fact is we do not live by immunity from error, but by survival. That ought to be evident to any observer of his own progress from the cradle to the grave. Life is an lurching between two eternities—or a Panama Canal subject to slides. And a boy's answer to a hard and fast philosophy of life is very simple and definite and emphatic—"Prunes!"

Yet, undeniably, there is much virtue in prunes. They have the indorsement of those physicians who are willing to sacrifice a little something for the good of humanity. They loom large on the printed menu at Child's and in the magnificent hotel where I am writing this (Macaulay often concluded a sentence or phrase with "this," as if even he couldn't find the word that belonged next). I saw in the elevator this morning a card indicating that prunes headed the club breakfast served in the main dining room from 7 come 11. I discovered on trial that prunes were indeed the headliners of the bill of fare. It is now nearly dinner time.

At this moment I am sharing my friend, Helne Heine's fondness for "a nice good beezee of beezestak." Helne says he gets the same once a week at Tony's—for 25 cents, furnished. Helne belongs to the laboring class, and as he can't afford a wife he lives at the Y. M. C. A. and goes to Tony's once a week for Sunday dinner. Mashed potatoes and bread with all meat orders until recently, when even Tony began to charge extra for bread like the other fellows.

But maybe Helne doesn't read the papers as diligently as he ought to. If he did maybe he would see his way clear to the marriage altar and a few rooms for light housekeeping. The lighter the housekeeping the better for Tony. For Helne earns only a little above the average wage of about three-fourths of the industrial workers in this country.

Helne's a good fellow. His equipment in some ways may be a little deficient, but I really can't find it in my heart to blame him for that. Helne is a good fellow and I like him—but he ought to read the papers more carefully, with a better comprehension of their practical usefulness. If he did he would discover the economic virtues of prunes and then he could marry Bridget. Perhaps that's it—perhaps the article in question may have struck him as too darned economic.

Menus From Hospitals

Be that as it may, it has been proved by tests—I think they were made in a hospital or had something somehow to do with a hospital—that \$7.51 is enough—or sufficient—to feed a family of two adults and three children for a week. With the help of prunes. One pound of prunes (costing 15 cents) will provide one breakfast and one dessert for the family. The next week the family can have stewed apricots or stewed peaches—either for breakfast or for dinner, or for both.

There's nothing particularly objectionable about the sample menus. Good, wholesome food, providing 5000 calories a day. Calories are very important. They're very scientific. So scientific, in fact, that they aren't real life. No more are they real fun. There's no real life without real fun. There's no joy in life without joy in eating. Ask a dyspeptic. Ask yourself if you enjoy being put on a diet. No, a thousand times no. Ask a big, healthy, growing boy if he'd like to make tests a science of calories. His answer? "Huh, 'Prunes!"

But somebody remarks that these scientific menus were not intended for big, healthy, growing boys. No, quite true; they weren't. More's the pity. These scientific, statistical, calorie menus emanated from a hospital. But can't we somehow get our submerged 60 per cent, out of the ranks of the socially sick into and even beyond the stage of convalescence? Is it worth thinking about now and then? Is it not? A hospital diet even outside the walls of a hospital has its deficiencies. Like Helne, we all have a fondness for "a nice good beezee of beezestak" once in a while—even at Tony's, with mashed potatoes thrown in bread 5 cents extra. If the "beezestak" doesn't do us any good, calorically speaking—that is, if the necessary calories—oh, there are times when calories make the same affectionate appeal as a pair of new shoes surrounding a couple of corns on a hot day. Then we'd like to get back to the days of barefoot boyhood, with chicken pie and dumplings and apple pie (two pieces) at grandma's.

We eat too much; oh yes! But land makes, nobody can eat calories!

BY ONE MAN

Tom Marshall is on the record stronger than his chief. The President was renominated 1992 to 1. The Vice President unanimously.—Syracuse Post-Standard.



THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

"Sagamore" Wants to Know if Mr. Dooley Was Right When He Said that Roosevelt Was "Alone in Cuba"—Letters About War and Other Matters

This Department is free to all readers who wish to express their opinions on subjects of current interest. It is not a forum, and the Evening Ledger assumes no responsibility for the views of its correspondents.

SOME RHETORICAL QUESTIONS

To the Editor of Evening Ledger: Sir—Will you kindly answer in your columns the following questions regarding Theodore Roosevelt: Did Theodore Roosevelt conquer Spain in the Spanish-American war? Is it a fact that he single-handed and alone freed Cuba? Does he possess more patriotism than any other citizen? Can any other citizen become a candidate for President of the United States without first obtaining his consent? Did he write a book or magazine article entitled, "Dear Harriman, You and I Are Practical Men?" PHILADELPHIA, June 29.

EVILS WORSE THAN WAR

To the Editor of Evening Ledger: Sir—I read a letter headed "Degenarate America" and signed by "A Son of the Revolution," which is a "knock" at the general attitude of the people in regard to war. There are some things worse than war. When conditions exist in a country which make life no better than slavery—where men have had to learn again that there are more important things than stocks and bonds. That Ford story has been denied. A man can suffer and be still and read of things that make his blood boil. We have read of such things done in this country in the name of law and government. Men have talked about it and what they say and have said does not sound very pleasant. I want to say to "A Son of the Revolution" do not worry about America degenerating. A small part of it may be; but the largest number of people are all right at heart and only a little more patient and long-suffering than were the oppressed people of earlier times. They can be "attired up." HENRY A. BOMBERGER, Philadelphia, June 26.

CASEMENT MUST NOT HANG

To the Editor of Evening Ledger: Sir—The ill-advised effort of Irishmen of this city to petition the British King for commutation of the death sentence on Sir Roger Casement is calculated to do the Irish cause much harm and Casement no good. We should Irishmen, especially those who sympathized with the Sinn Feiners in the recent revolt, debate themselves by humbly asking his Britannic Majesty to prevent another murder? The trial of Casement is an alien court, which had and has no judicial jurisdiction over the location of the crime. PHILADELPHIA'S BLIGHT

PHILADELPHIA'S BLIGHT

During the convention of the Ad Clubs in Philadelphia this week opportunity will be given to place the metropolis of the Commonwealth in its proper position before the country. As this newspaper has frequently pointed out, Philadelphia, with all its noble traditions, its unique place as the cradle of liberty and its transcendent features as a manufacturing and commercial city, has not occupied its proper position among the cities of the country. This is a result of the continual political bickering and factional activities of several big contractors, who are interested in fat awards than they are in maintaining the good name of the State's metropolis. Pennsylvania wants to be proud of Philadelphia and it ought to be the business of the great mass of the people within its boundaries to crush out the petty things which detract from the real greatness of the typical American city. Entirely too much consideration is given the near-sighted politicians who are constantly striving to advance their own selfish interests through the exploitation of the higher and more important interests of the community at large. Too long this condition has been permitted to obscure the fine constructive and meritorious features of that admirable Philadelphia which is unknown beyond the borders of the Commonwealth. Pennsylvania, of course, appreciates the true worth of the large majority of its citizenry, but as long

What's Your Sword of Damocles?

Mine is that Fourth will be so rainy the boys will be unable to explode cannon-crackers under my window from early morn to dewy eve. SENEX.

Hon. Tsuchiya's Guide to Hakone

The draught of pure air suspends no poisonous mixture of miasms, cleanses the defilement of our spirit. During the winter days the coldness robs us all pleasure from our hands, but at the summer months they are set free. Fuji Mountain and its summit is covered with permanent undissolving snow, and its regular configuration hanging down the sky like an opened white fan, may be looked long at equal shape from several regions surrounding it. Every one who saw it ever had nothing but applause. Wind presses in quantity, suits to our boat to slip by sail, and moonlight shining on the sky shivers quartz lustre over ripples of the lake. The ruckles singing near by our hotel, play on a harp, and the gulls flying about to and fro seek their food in the waves. All these panorama may be gathered only in this place.

Tom Daly's Column

OUR VILLAGE POET

Whenever it's a Saturday, especially in June, The sun can't shine too bright for me or rise a bit too soon, Because I've got some joy to chase before my work is through, And I go out on Chestnut street to see what news is new.

First off, of course, there's got to be some planning in advance, Preparing for the moment when the first faint sunbeams dance, Because preparedness surely is a necessary thing To get the fullest pleasure from the joy of which I sing.

So, long about, say, six o'clock upon the night before, I call up Charlie Taylor, Willie Schmidt or Howard Mohr, Or some one else among my friends (and there are half a score) Who own a car that's big enough to hold our bunch of boys, And ask no more for pay than just a chance to share the joys.

Awaiting us beyond the hills where lies the wished-for pool, A place of pure delight—a real old-fashioned swimmin' hole! The light upon the eastern sky where night and mornin' meet Has only just begun to wink when in our quiet street The "chug-chug" of the motorcar that glides up to our door Is signal to the watchers there to grab their towels and pour Their happy selves into the car as quickly as they may, An' in another moment we are ready and away!

An hour's ride! (I can't afford to tell you where we go, Unless you write an' ask me, if you really want to know) An hour's ride! an' there beneath the early mornin' sun We find our pool that seems to fairly bubble up with fun. At any rate, it seemed to me we'd scarcely gotten there Before a lithe young animal, of all its garments bare, Arose from out the motorcar and hurtled through the air.

The others followed rapidly; an' soon with merry din The pool was bubbling famously an' all of us were in. I've sported in the summer sea, an' in the mountain lake, Where fashionable gentlefolk their recreation take, But as for finding pleasure there, it's nothing but a fake.

There clamsy bathing parlors must encumber trunk an' limb, An' so that's nothing but a bath; but this, sir, is a swim! Oh joy of all the joys in life a family man may know There isn't any greater one in all this earth below Than that which atris his proud old heart whenever you may find him A-doin' in a swimmin'-pool with all his kids behind him.

That's why when it's a Saturday, especially in June, The sun can't shine too bright for me or rise a bit too soon, Because I've got some joy to chase before my work is through, And I go out on Chestnut street to see what news is new.

IT NEVER dawned on us until recently, when we saw a "secretary" at the end of a line—"secretary"—that the chief requisite for success in that office is the ability to hold one's tongue in one or more languages.

WHICH suggests the thought, "Why not Chinese laundrymen" and the sequential one, "Why not Chinese secretaries?" for looking back to the time when as a young reporter we wrote much about Chinatown, we must admit that no Chinaman ever told us anything that we couldn't have imagined without his help.

Sir: There is a paper-back novel entitled "In the Stearns" by Madeline Fore Gibson. One sentence struck my criminally undeveloped sense of humor. Here goes: "I am very cold here," gasped the dying chief of the stage, "but what else you would be in a warm place very soon," replied his little daughter in a soothing tone. Francois.

Our Own Weather Bureau Summer's only come today, My Lady's come to town; Summer's here, and here to stay, My Lady's come to town! The grass was never hal' so green, No redder roses'er were seen, No fairer day had any queen; My Lady's come to town!

Never bloomed more fragrant flowers, My Lady's come to town; Never more swiftly flew the hours, My Lady's come to town! The moon was never quite so bright, Nor danced so many a forest sprite, Nor flashed such fireflies thro' the night; My Lady's come to town! WILL LOU.

STARRETT'S cartoon in the New York Tribune the other day, a cartoon showing the lads in khaki leaving the metropolis for camp, bore this caption: "Bonnie Chance!" French soldiers?

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TIME OUT!

IF THE bank clerk, getting ready on Thursday to pack on Friday night and dashing madly off to the train or ferry at 11 prompt Saturday, were to be told that these two months of July and August are phenomenal he would probably say "Yes." The weather is phenomenally hot in some places and phenomenally cool in others, and there is a war and life is in general very complicated and interesting. But it would hardly occur to him, or to the hundreds of thousands who are in his case, that their vacations are the great phenomenon.

Very few men could say offhand whether Charles Lamb used to get two weeks' vacation from the East India House or whether Nathaniel Hawthorne got time out, so to speak, from the spell of the Sacred Codfish. But almost any one can imagine the feelings of a manufacturer or commercial giant of the early nineteenth century if he could see the mills and factories and department stores closing for Saturday afternoon. Vacations and half-holidays, the whole joyous process of week-endings, are modern inventions. The celebrated bank holidays in which every English 'Arry and his 'Arriet, not to mention such less important strata of society as bankers, dukes and Cabinet members, leave town, date from 1871. In the Middle Ages there were so many holy days that work was stopped at most inopportune moments, and we have the Reformation to thank, or to blame, for the decrease. Modernity is turning back to the older theory. It is, apparently, good for a man not to work after he has worked.

The holiday is, however, only a symptom of something deeper, a change in the attitude of employers to the men who work for them. Neither philosophy nor sociology is needed to understand how that change came about. It is a purely human adjustment. A century and a half ago the factory system was only beginning to grow. Men still worked largely for themselves and women worked in their homes. Then a revolution came, and we are only beginning to recover from its effects. The first principle of the older type of employer was to work his employees for all they were worth. There is a very terrible saying in Matthew that they who save their lives shall lose them. The ancient employer was saving his life in the meanest way, by wearing out the lives of others.

What brought about the new reformation cannot be definitely said. The claims of ordinary decency, the obligations of ordinary humanity, had much to do with it. For the sake of the human race it is better to believe that the change was not brought about by purely selfish causes. The other half of the quotation from Matthew is that they who lose their lives in the service of the Lord shall find them. In a purely practical application it works out. For those who began to treat their employees decently began to save their souls and to increase their profits. Once that was established, the progress of vacations and week-ends and shorter hours and better working conditions became very swift.

There is a blue list among commercial institutions, and one of the surest ways of determining how "classy" a business house is considered is by discovering what hours, days and weeks it gives its employees. Saturday half-holidays are already giving way to Saturday whole holidays. One-week vacations gradually stretch into two. The eight-hour day is contracting into seven. And the world grows richer year by year. The enthusiasts for efficiency, who are not always quite clear as to what we are to be efficient about, can make capital of the new dispensation, but the credit is not theirs. They are willing to grant the best of conditions, but they demand their price. The employer who knows human nature better than the theories of the efficiency engineers—the very term is absurd in relation to human beings—gives the cash and takes the return on credit. He knows it is good for men and women to have their time out of bondage. The world has changed, and the phenomenon is repeated just as the phenomenon of spring is repeated every year. This month and next life is thrown out of its rut. Fresh woods and pastures new bound the landscape. The 8:59 does not have to be caught. There is no necessity of beating the "second floor front" to the bathroom. The boss does not have to be placated. It isn't even necessary to read the papers. There are some who spoil it all by packing their desks into their suitcases and by worrying on the Saturday they leave about the work to be done the Monday they return. Fortunately, they are not many. The world is still light-hearted and the great institution of vacations helps it through many a hard place. It is a symptom of better things, some of them already here. Some are still to come.

THE NEW SAGE COLLEGE

SINCE the first school for higher education for women was opened the world has learned a great deal. The early women's colleges attempted to give to women the same kind of education that men received in order to train them for menial occupations. Nowadays even the feminists admit that there are certain occupations for which women are better adapted than for others. And we have discovered also that if women are to fulfil their primary mission some place must be found in their education for instruction in the duties of motherhood—not the mere physical duties, but the equally important function of training the child. The first ten years of life are the most critical. It is the mother who makes or mars the citizen in those years. We have learned to specialize in education and to offer that which is needed for the varied occupations of women as well as of men. The Russell Sage College of Practical Arts, which is soon to open its doors in Troy, is the latest institution endowed to equip women for the work for which they are best fitted. Its plans are ambitious, and the men and women in charge of their creation are well qualified for the work they have undertaken.

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Evening Ledger Public Ledger Company. Editorial Board: W. H. H. ... Business Manager: ...

The historian is a prophet looking backward.—Schlegel. The super-U-boat is evidently a supernumerary.

Hughes plays golf, but it is understood that he never foolies his drive. Not all of the Patriotic Sons of America belong to that society.

The report that T. R. told Mr. Hughes when they dined together that he did not like coffee is not denied. The too numerous failures of recruits to pass army tests is not so much a reproach to young men as it is a warning to parents.

Mexico agrees to surrender the Carral dead also—If Uncle Sam will pay the expense of removal. Carranza does not seem to have learned his lesson. At any rate, it would be better to celebrate the Fourth by contributing to the Red Cross than to celebrate it in a way that would require its services.

Casement was convicted of high treason in the high court. It remains for England to say if he shall be the symbol of a low plane of statesmanship or a high one. Could Mr. Wilson have been thinking of the public attitude toward him when he told the advertising men that if the people did not believe in them they could not sell anything?

The Kaiser missed a trick when he did not get that submarine off Atlantic City yesterday while the advertising men were there to see what he could do in the way of undersea navigation. Singing a song about going to war to the tune of "Good-by, Boys, I'm Going to Be Married Tomorrow," is a slander on the married state of all except the husbands who have enlisted with suspicious alacrity.

Mayor Smith acted on good advice when he vetoed the ordinance authorizing the placing of a bronze tablet in memory of Caesar Rodney, one of the signers, in the room in which the Declaration of Independence was adopted. The room should be preserved as nearly as possible in its original condition, that the present and future generations may see unchanged the setting in which the great document was approved.

We are not anxious to fight Mexico. We should prefer to lend a helping hand, to furnish capital wherewith to restore ruined industries, to offer the inspiration of our energy and enterprise. It is indeed a mockery of logic that any other intent should be imputed to us in view of the magnificent patience which this nation has exhibited. But there must be law and order south of the Rio Grande, and further delay in the achievement of that desire cannot be tolerated. The rescuer often has to knock the drowning man unconscious before he can save his life.

If Philadelphia or any other large city is suffering from petty factional and sectional jealousies that retard the progress of good legislation a commission form of government is the cure. There is concentration of authority and definite placing of responsibility. It is not a case of "let George do it." The business of the city is rapidly dispatched. It resembles a banking house with its president and board of directors. The business of a city is real business.—Mayor Martin Behrman, of New Orleans.

Conditions in New Orleans a few years ago were very similar to what they are in Philadelphia today. The campaign in which Mr. Behrman, candidate of the Organization, was elected Mayor for the first time, under the old system, was one of the most bitter ever fought in New Orleans. Today, under the new system, New Orleans is considered to be one of the best governed communities in the country, with a marked absence of the pettiness and meanness of spirit which so often characterize control by politicians under the older method of municipal government.

A missionary in China sent \$14 in gold to the American Bible Society as his contribution to the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of its founding. The society distributed 2,600,000 copies of Bibles or parts of Bibles in China last year. The annual report of the organization says that one native Chinese, not acquainted with the Bibles in any way, brought 500 copies of the New Testament to give to friends, and that he has announced his purpose to get copies of the Bible for the benefit of every Chinese school town. The Bible school at the village